

THE LIGUORIAN



IN THIS ISSUE

FATHER TIM CASEY,	- - - - -	482
C. D. McEnniry, C. Ss. R.		
FOR. BETTER FOR WORSE,	- - - - -	487
A. A. Thomas, C. Ss. R.		
THE ONLY FAILURE,	- - - - -	491
T. Z. Austin, C. Ss. R.		
THE SHRIMP BECOMES A WHALE,	- - - - -	505
J. R. Melvin, C. Ss. R.		

NOVEMBER—1924

Per Year, \$2.00; Canada and Foreign, \$2.25; Single Copies, 20c
REDEMPTORIST FATHERS, Box A, OCONOMOWOC, WIS.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

(Cont.)

All Saints Day.....	481
T. Z. Austin, C. Ss. R.	
The Paths of Light.....	498
Aug. T. Zeller, C. Ss. R.	
Catholic Anecdotes	515
Pointed Paragraphs	517
Our Lady's Page.....	521
Catholic Events	523
Question Box	526
Book Reviews	527
Lucid Intervals	528

Now Ready For You

The 1925

LIGUORIAN ART CALENDAR

Printed in Four Color lithography. With thirteen large Pictures. A real work of Art. Size 17 in. x 9 in.

The Ideal Christmas Gift—Always welcome—Lasts all year.
40c each. Three for \$1.00.

Special offer to our Readers for November only:
30c each. Four for \$1.00.

A pretty Presentation Card given Free with each calendar.
Order now.

Subscription per year, \$2.00. Canada and Foreign, \$2.25. Single Copies, 20 cents.

Entered as second-class matter August 29th, 1913, at the Post Office at Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, under the act of March 8, 1879.

Acceptance for mailing as special rates of postage provided for in section 1103, act of October 3, 1917. Authorized July 17, 1918.

THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

Vol. XII.

NOVEMBER, 1924

No. 11

All Saints Day

So wonderful to one so weak and small
Appear your stern austerities, dear Saints:
Each time my eyes upon your image fall,—
With scourge and grinning skull,—my spirit faints.

Ah, why must Sainthood's ways be all so hard,
That innocence e'en such as lights your eyes
Must use such bristling panoply as guard?
Must holiness from self's dead leaves arise?

Why must your hands fore'er be crossed in prayer?
And eyes be raised intently to the skies?
Why are those lips so set in solemn air?—
Must you like eagles scorn the earth and fly?

Were there no in-between-times when you smiled?
Or laughed with those who self-same pathways trod?
Were there no moments with some play beguiled?
Or,—can't one laugh till he has looked on God?

Were there not moments when the earth seemed bright?
When Spring came plashy with the scented dew?
Or shadows played with breezes by moonlight?
Or Autumn danced mid leaves of rainbow hue?

Is there a hidden beauty seen alone
By radium of God in all things hid?
And must this heart die on an altar-stone
Ere for life's fullest treasures it can bid?

Are these your sainthood's fullest summer bloom?
Or are they but tools of the gardener's art?
Oh, let us sense your flowers' sweet perfume,
That one may dare,—though weak and small of heart.

T. Z. Austin, C. Ss. R.

Father Tim Casey

Y. L. S.

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

Bobbed heads and bubbling laughter lighted up the dingy parlor of St. Mary's Rectory for a few brief moments, and then Father Casey said:

"Now, you girls will excuse me. I must get ready for the Young Ladies' Sodality meeting."

"The bivouac of the Old Guard," laughed Rosemary.

"The Daughters of the Revolution," supplemented Loretta. "Say, Father, why don't you have them give, 'Daily, Daily,' a rest and sing instead, 'Tenting Tonight on the Old Camp Ground'? That's the appropriate melody for a veteran encampment." And the giddy child laughed gaily at her own sally.

Ruth, not to be outdone by her companions, broke in:

"They must have been daring flappers in the ancient days when they drew up the charter of the Y. L. S. Why even now they are not more than five or six years behind the current styles."

"The Y. L. S.," cried Loretta, "I never see them lined up behind that banner; but, I think Y. L. S. stands for 'Ye Lonesome Sisters.' Say, Father, they are growing fewer and fewer. What will you do when they all die off?"

"There are several girls in the sodality no older than yourselves," said Father Casey.

"Some duds like Doll Riordan or Louise Mohr," was Rosemary's comment.

"Doll and Louise are bright and popular. Many a girl, I am sure, would be happy to have them for chums."

The priest's shot hit the mark. Rosemary would have given her marcel wave to have Doll Riordan or Louise Mohr for her intimate friend; but, her head and her conversation were too empty to interest these young women.

"And as for the older members of the sodality," continued Father Casey, "they are good—not only good; but, according to the verdict of those who know them best, women of far more than ordinary excellence. Surely you have not heard anything against them, have you?"

"Oh, no, Father," all hastened to declare.

"Then, why have you been stabbing them with your wicked little tongues—giving them thrusts far more painful to their sensitive natures than slaps in the face?"

"Oh, we wouldn't say anything like that for them to hear."

"Is that honorable—to say behind one's back what you would not say to one's face? And haven't you learned enough about human nature to know that your sarcastic remarks are promptly carried to the victims?"

"Oh, Father," gushed Ruth in a burst of repentance, "I'd be so sorry if they heard; because—because—"

"Because you really respect and esteem these older members of the sodality?"

"Yes, Father. Everybody does."

"Then why do you hurt them with your sharp, biting ridicule?"

"We didn't mean—it wasn't the girls—it was the—the sodality—"

"Oh, oh, Ruth!" remonstrated the others.

"Of course, the sodality's all right—but—well, you know, Father—"

And poor Ruth floundered deeper and deeper until at last she gave up in despair and stopped in the middle of a sentence.

"Let me help you, child," said the priest. "You would never have thought of ridiculing these excellent women if they were not members of the sodality. It was not your better judgment; but, your bad conscience that ridiculed them."

"What do you mean, Father—'bad conscience'?" they asked in chorus.

"When you are too cowardly to perform some duty, the easiest thing is to ridicule those who have courage enough to perform it. Ridicule is the cheapest and, at the same time, the most powerful weapon for destroying any good work. Ridicule is the weapon by which the coward Voltaire killed the faith in hundreds and thousands of souls. Reasoning could never have done it; but, ridicule did. Recourse to ridicule is the logical tendency of a bad conscience. We are too cowardly to perform a certain duty. Our peace of conscience is disturbed when we see others performing the duty we neglect. By ridicule we can prevent them from performing it. Then, our bad conscience will rest quietly with nothing to remind it of its guilt."

"But, Father, it's not a moral sin not to belong to the sodality, is it?"

"Committing mortal sin is not the only thing that disturbs the conscience," said Father Casey. "Committing venial sin disturbs the conscience; rejecting grace disturbs the conscience; neglecting the good works proper to our circumstances and position in life, even though they are not strictly commanded, disturbs the conscience."

"Can't we be just as good without belonging to the sodality?" demanded Ruth.

"It's like buttering bread with your thumb—you can, but you don't."

"Why not?"

Father Casey looked at the girl for a moment. Then he asked:

"Did you ever give scandal?"

"Father, I don't know."

"Did you ever say anything or do anything that had a tendency to make somebody else less obedient or less respectful or less industrious or less prayerful or less prudent or less charitable or less truthful? If so, you gave scandal. You are bound to repair the scandal you have given—to give those persons a pull towards good which will counteract the pull towards evil. You *can* do this in many ways; but, as a matter of fact, it is not likely that you *will* unless you join the sodality."

"But, Father," objected Ruth, "I can't see what joining the sodality has to do with repairing scandal."

"It is quite plain," said the priest. "Your fidelity to all the pious practices of the sodality would be a public influence for good counteracting your former influence for evil. Loretta, when did you receive Communion?"

"Father, I go every month?"

"When did you receive Communion?" he repeated.

"Let's see. Oh, yes, the Holyday."

"The Holyday was August the fifteenth; today is October the sixth. Receiving once in seven weeks is not receiving once a month. Any girl that wants to be good and stay good should receive Communion at least once a month."

"I really aim to receive once a month," replied Loretta, "but I just—well, I didn't notice that it was so long."

"If you belong to the sodality, you are always reminded of your regular Communion. You *can* go just as regularly without belonging to the sodality; but, as a matter of fact, you *will* not. Rosemary, I was thinking of you girls the other day."

Rosemary couldn't see what else she could say to this, so she said:

"Yes, Father."

"It was about six o'clock in the evening. Our Sunday Visitor had come that day, and I brought the bundle down to the door of the church where the people could get them. There was only one person in the church—a girl kneeling before our Blessed Mother's altar. She did not hear me enter, and she was weeping, bitterly weeping. I induced her to tell me the cause of her grief. She was a girl from the country, the oldest of a large family, and she must have been a brave, good girl. She had come to the city—there was no employment to be found in her own neighborhood—to try to earn money to help her parents give her younger brothers and sisters a good Catholic education. She had been coming to Mass here at St. Mary's for a year; but, she was not acquainted with a soul in the parish. She said it nearly broke her heart to come here Sunday after Sunday and feel so utterly strange and alone—in her old home it had been so different. She had found friends, first in her boarding house, and afterwards in the place where she worked. But, in both cases, she soon discovered that they were not fit companions for a pure-minded Catholic girl, and she abstained from any further association with them. She would have gladly returned home; but, she felt it her duty to help educate her brothers and sisters. Of course, she did not tell her parents how pitifully lonesome and unhappy she was, otherwise they would have insisted on her coming back at once."

The priest paused for a moment. Rosemary cried: "But, Father, you said you were thinking of us." Her curiosity had not yet been satisfied.

"Yes, I was thinking of you girls with your happy homes and all your delightful companions, and this heart-broken child here in your midst for a year, as lonely and friendless as if she were in a desert. And I was thinking how, if our Young Ladies' Sodality were flourishing and every girl in the parish, whether living at home or in a boarding house, a member of it, such an unfortunate thing could never have happened. Of course, even without belonging to the sodality, you *could* make it a point to look after girls of this kind that come here to Mass; but, as a matter of fact, you *will* not. Ruth, do you know how we can pay off the mortgage on the school?"

"Who? Me? N-no, Father."

"My child, neither do I. However, if we were well organized, it would be an easy matter. If all the married people were in the married people's sodalities, and all the young people were in the young people's sodalities, we should have nothing to do but formulate our plan, assign the various duties to the various sodalities, and go over the top with a bang. That would hold for getting necessary money; but, it would hold even more for the more important work of getting souls; making a mission a success; packing the church for a novena, giving due honor to Our Lord during the Forty Hours' Devotion, or to the Blessed Mother in the May Procession, defending our holy faith, defeating an anti-Catholic candidate. It is true that the people *could* organize and do all these things without belonging to sodalities; but, as a matter of fact, they *will* not. And now, let me tell you girls a fairy story. Once upon a time there were two pastors. The bishop told them both to establish parish sodalities, and they did so—a sodality for the married men, a sodality for the married women, a sodality for the single men, a sodality for the single women, a sodality for the boys, a sodality for the girls. In each parish the entire six sodalities went practically the same way as the young ladies' sodality. Therefore, I shall narrate the fate of the young ladies' sodality, and you will know the fate of all the others. In one parish the young ladies responded to the appeal of their parish priest and joined the sodality. As soon as a young woman moved into the parish they approached her and induced her to join also. On their Communion Sunday, the pastor had the comfort of seeing practically every young lady in his parish approach the altar. When he prepared his instruction for the meeting, he knew that practically every young lady in the parish would be there to listen and learn how a Catholic young woman should conduct herself. Whenever he arranged for a mission or a retreat or a novena or a bazaar, he knew that the young ladies of the parish would be solidly behind him, and so he never had one moment's worry or doubt regarding the outcome. Such was the experience of one pastor. And what of the other? When he appealed to the young ladies to join the sodality, some joined and some didn't. Of those that joined, some remained and some didn't. Of those that remained, some lived up to the rules and some didn't. Those that didn't belong, ridiculed and sneered at those that did. This, of course, hurt the good members; but, it hurt the poor pastor far more. When he turned to distribute a Holy Com-

munion on the young ladies Communion Sunday and saw only a pitiful handful at the rail, a pain would begin gnawing at his heart. If you have ever felt the pain caused by disappointment and the pain caused by ingratitude and the pain caused by failure and the pain caused by hopelessness, and if you put all these pains together, you will have some idea of the pain that gnawed at this good pastor's heart. He always prepared the instruction for the young ladies' sodality meeting as carefully as he could; but, he knew in advance that not more than five out of a hundred of the young ladies of his parish would be there to hear it and that he would still have the disheartening task of trying to find some method for communicating these necessary instructions to the other ninety-five. That's the end of the story. If you were to be a pastor, which pastor should you wish to be?"

Loretta saw a great light.

"Girls!" she cried in excitement over her discovery, "I think Father Casey wants us to join the sodality! Don't you, Father?"

For Better For Worse

A CHAPTER ON MIXED MARRIAGES

A. A. THOMAS, C.Ss.R.

The real foundation for the Church's law on mixed marriages must be sought in her supreme admiration for and absolute devotion to the Faith brought to earth by Our Lord, and in her clear recognition of His will in the matter.

THE FIRST LAW

The first law against mixed marriages was made by God Himself.

In the sixth chapter of Genesis we see what a large share mixed marriages had in that fearful corruption of the world which led God to declare, in the words of Moses: "He repented of having made man." The sons of God (i. e., the descendants of Seth, who retained the original faith) married the daughters of men (the descendants of Cain, who had fallen into infidelity). And the reason was the same as that often prompting mixed marriages today: "The daughters of unbelief were fair." And the result was the corruption of all men. Only a deluge could blot it out.

Later on, when the chosen people, the Israelites, sought to enter into mixed marriages with the surrounding pagan nations, God gave them the uncompromising prohibition which we read in the Book of Deuteronomy:

"Neither shalt thou make marriage with unbelievers. Thou shalt not give thy daughters to his son, nor take his daughter for thy son; for she will win away thy son from following Me, that he may rather serve strange gods, and the wrath of the Lord will be enkindled and will quickly destroy thee." And the reason is given:

"For thou art a holy people to the Lord, thy God. The Lord, thy God, hath chosen thee to be his own people of all the peoples that are on the earth."

Our Lord did not come into the world "to destroy the law, but to perfect it." In place of the empty ceremonies of the Old Testament He gave us the grace-giving Sacraments and the Sacrifice of the Mass. In the sermon on the Mount He makes this evident, especially in regard to divorce. While then, no formal or positive law is recorded in the Gospels as emanating from Him, His will is clear. He never contemplates any marriage except in the Church and among the Brethren. The Apostles understood this.

Besides, in others matters, He is most insistent and emphatic on the necessity of avoiding even the danger of sin. He could not have put it more strongly. "If thy right eye scandalize thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee. For it is expedient for thee that one of thy members should perish, rather than thy whole body be cast into hell." Equal, and if possible, even greater care should be taken to avoid the dangers of losing our Faith.

Unexpressed as His will is in this matter may have been, therefore, it shines through all that He said and did. Can we imagine Him, amid the lurid shadows of Calvary, dying for the Gospel. He preached, saying: "It does not matter how little you care for it." It is, it must be His will that every true danger to our Faith be carefully avoided.

But who shall tell when a mixed marriage would endanger our Faith; or rather, who shall tell when, contrary to our expectations, it would not? Who knows—especially under the blinding influence of love? For this reason, to see that Christ's will is carried out, the Church forbids mixed marriages outright. She can dispense from her own law; from Christ's will she cannot. She cannot make wrong be right. She can help to heal a wrong done.

COMMON SENSE

What does sound common sense say in regard to mixed marriages?

Marriage, if it is anything, is a union of two souls. It is not an ordinary union like a business concern or a partnership or a friendship. It is the most intimate union; it is the most sacred union; it is the most indissoluble union of two persons. They give each other the most intimate rights over one another for the sake of bearing children and helping each other.

Now, anything that of its nature makes this union impossible or difficult to preserve, must be looked upon as harmful to marriage, must be looked upon as bad and to be avoided.

But difference in Faith is just such a thing that makes this union impossible or at least difficult, as a rule. So, that, to enter upon a marriage with one not of the Faith, is to risk and to risk gravely one's happiness in this world and the next. Is not this clear?

In such a union there is no unity of Faith. One believes in the Catholic Church; the other does not—perhaps, believes in no church. One believes in the Mass as the sacrifice of the Cross renewed, the most sacred action; the other thinks it idolatry, or mummary, or priestcraft. One believes in Confession as a Sacrament instituted by Christ for the forgiveness of sin; the other thinks it tyranny, and, perhaps, resents the fact that the other tells secret sins to the priest, not realizing what it means to have sins forgiven. One believes in Holy Communion as the gift of Our Lord to us; to the other all this and so much more is unintelligible.

Now these are fundamental things. If differences about dress, bobbed hair, amusements, and a hundred superficial and insignificant things have often caused dissensions, strife and unhappiness in homes, how much more must not differences about these deep and fundamental things prevent a real union of mind and heart and affection such as marriage should be?

In such a union, further, there is no unity of life. In their conversations they can talk of meals, money, dress, amusements—merely material things—and even of these only superficially. About their souls and God and higher things they cannot talk; because, they do not think alike and may quickly get into a quarrel, or at least, into the oppressive silence and constraint, which easily leads to bitterness and dissatisfaction.

They come to the table for their meals. On Fridays, during Lent, on Ember Days, on Vigils, one abstains; the other does not. One wishes to fast, the other does not. It may not provoke a scene; but, is it not a near source of disagreement and trouble?

They cannot pray together; they cannot go to church together; he or she may object to it on certain days and find many reasons why the Catholic party should not go. The feeling of a duty not done, will not easily down. If it leaves no sadness, it will gradually blunt the sense of these sacred obligations.

There is, moreover, no unity of conscience. The one does not consider a sin what the other knows to be such. The one may ask many things which the other knows to be wrong. What is the result? Worry of conscience, disquiet of heart, trouble of mind, sadness.

Again, there is no real unity, no equality of consent. The Catholic party believes the marriage vows to be indissoluble. "From this day forward, for better, for worse; for richer for poorer; in sickness and in health; till death do us part," says the Catholic party. Does the law of the land hold the other to them? No. Every state grants divorce. Does his religion? No. Every other church forgetting Christ's words: "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder," permits divorce.

But worst of all, there is no unity in the education of the children. Serious is the obligation of the Catholic party; great are the difficulties in the way of its fulfillment. The home cannot be given that Catholic atmosphere that is possible where both are of the Faith; that atmosphere which is, perhaps, the first and the deepest influence to come into the child's life. And especially when the children are grown up, there is not that uniformity of example, which is, perhaps, the greatest factor in building the character of the adolescent.

When one looks upon the matter thus in the light of sheer common sense, it would seem as though one could hardly, under ordinary circumstances, count upon a really happy life in such a union. Neither party would have any security for happiness, neither the Catholic nor the non-Catholic. Is it a wonder, then, that holy Church, looking out for the happiness of all—her children as well as others—holds up a warning hand to Catholic and non-Catholic alike? No, it is the only thing she can possibly do.

The Only Failure

ANGELO THE STREET SWEEPER

T. Z. AUSTIN, C.Ss.R.

"There's only one failure in this great city. It's the chap who thinks it can't be done." Thus, the story ended.

"Oh, but that's just a foolish love story," Florence Kelly remarked to herself. "It's non-sensical. Things don't happen that way. If it were real, the man and the girl, too, probably, would be in jail."

Florence fingered the magazine absent-mindedly, twisting it and crumpling it. She was thinking all the thoughts that had come to her, often half-recognized, if at all, as often as she read the stories in that magazine. What made her crumple the book up? Of course, she did not stop to figure it out—only when of a sudden she came to, she saw that the magazine looked as though it had gone the rounds of the Sunday School in the Italian quarter not far from her home, where every Sunday afternoon she taught catechism.

"But, it's a fine sentence, that closing one: 'There's only one failure in this great city. It's the chap who thinks it can't be done.' It makes me feel enthusiastic. But, what do I want to do?"

"Well, of all the world, Florence!" cried May, coming upon her from behind, "what in the world are you thinking about? Talking to yourself, are you?" And she shook her friend vehemently. "Well," she went on, "'tain't a bad kid to talk to, I'll say, or I wouldn't be here!"

"Heavens alive, May!" replied Florence at last, recovering from her surprise. "Where did you drop from? And coming upon me like a thief—and first insulting me, then complimenting me!"

"Insulting, huh? Is it an insult to suggest that you were thinking?" rallied May, pulling a chair close to her friend.

"You always get ahead of me," conceded Florence, laughing.

"Yes," said May quickly, "but, somehow, you always pull up even."

"But, what brings you here in such a rush? Don't you know that this is Sunday and a day of rest?"

"Rest, is it? to teach those little black-eyed Italians, as lively as Jacks in boxes."

"Now, here, no names, please!" admonished Florence.

"Well, anyway, I've come to find rest here, as usual," answered May, and it was evident she had a problem on hand.

"What is it?" asked the other girl, leaning forward interestedly.

"Aha! What was it made Lot's wife turn round and turn to salt?"

"That's what I call snippy!" grumbled Florence, feigning to be grieved. "First, to lead one on to ask, and then—"

"Pardon me, Florence, you know I was only teasing. You are so good-natured, you simply invite it. But, now, listen; I'm serious—awfully—and I'm in trouble."

"What is it?" asked Florence. "Heart or head?" May just looked her reproof.

"It isn't with me, at all! You know little Rosalia Fanelli, her father is the white-wing that sweeps the street in our block?"

"Yes," replied Florence. "Pretty as a picture and sweet as an angel. Her grandmother must have been Irish!"

"Or German, like dear old lady Spitzer," said May. "The harp that once though Tara, remember, is not angelic exactly."

"Go on wid ye!" put back Florence, feigning a brogue. "Ye know I was only foolin'."

"Sure an' I do. But don't interrupt me. That's little Rosalia all right. But, this afternoon she comes to me in tears, and I don't know, from the piety of her, is it love of God or the death of her grandmother that's making her cry. Says I: 'Oh, oh, Rosalia! What are the big tear-drops saying?' She smiles sweetly through her tears and says: 'You so happy, Miss Maree; but, I'm so sad because my Daddy he donta go to no church and he wanta me to stopa da going to da Sundee School.' Now, isn't that a shame, Florence? What are we going to do about it? He's got to be converted, that's all. He's got to be."

Florence reached for her magazine and pointing out the page and line replied:

"Sure, he must, May. Just read this." May did as she was told.

"Oh, yes," she answered, handing back the magazine. "That sounds good in a story book. But, remember, I almost came from Missouri—if Dad hadn't got a job on the Chicago police force, he'd have gone to St. Louis—so you must show me. What'll we do?"

"Well," suggested Florence, wrinkling up her forehead and screwing up her eyes as if she were presiding judge of the Supreme Court, "we could hire one of those Black Hand men to go in and shoot him and then have Father Pilgram give him the last Sacraments."

"Ha, ha!" laughed May. "That would be a sure way; no chance of slipping again. But, what about us, then? We'd need a Darrow badly!"

"No, I'll tell you seriously, May. Let's go up and see the old man. I mean, let's pay little Rosalia a visit and talk to Mr. Fanelli. Sure, we can explain the whole catechism, barring a few questions that only youngsters can ask."

"Capital, Florence," declared May, rising. "You've got continual spring-time in your brains; they're always budding. Let's make it next Monday. We'll tell Rosalia about it at Sunday School."

So it was made up. Monday came and with some misgiving and much mutual encouragement, they made their way to the Italian quarter, to the home of Angelo Fanelli, the street-sweeper.

Angelo was not at home. The girls breathed more freely. Mrs. Fanelli, who had been let into the secret by Rosalia, led them into the little parlor which she tried so hard to keep trim and neat. Rosalia was overjoyed. She had placed implicit faith in her Sunday School teachers and one could see it in her sparkling eyes that she expected the miracle of her father's conversion that very night. Now, her prayers and Communions would be rewarded.

They chatted together and sang some hymns, May playing the piano. Suddenly she stopped. The sound of a heavy tread could be heard on the steps. The kitchen door was opened and banged shut.

"What is dees," shouted a rough voice, "I heara da music."

"Yes, Angelo," said Mrs. Fanelli sweetly. "Rosalia's Sunday School teachers come to make her a visit."

"Bah!" replied the rough voice, and the two young ladies looked at each other apprehensively, while Rosalia stood with her finger to her lips in dread and uncertainty. "Why don't dey stay in deir Sunday School," continued the man.

"Don't be foolish, Angelo," answered the wife. "How can dey stay in der Sunday School. Dees ain't Sunday. Dees is Monday. Keep your coat on and come in to see da young ladies."

"I go to da bed," replied Angelo sullenly. "I don't wanta da see no Sunday School teachers. Dey talka da foolish."

Just then Rosalia came into the kitchen, and reaching up to throw her arms round her father's neck, she held him and in a whisper audible to the girls, said:

"Papa, you come into da parlor to see my teachers?" And without waiting for his answer, she deftly released her hold and seized his big horny hand. Half through curiosity, half through deference for his little favorite, old Angelo suffered himself to be led into the parlor.

"Good evening, Mr. Fanelli," said Florence, coming to meet him. "I'm Florence Kelly." She took his somewhat unwilling hand, shook it warmly, and reaching up with the other, she straightened the collar of his coat and gave it an affectionate pat.

"And I'm May Benten," put in May quickly, before he had time to recover. "We're little Rosalia's Sunday School teachers."

"Gooda eve," said Angelo, much more quietly. And before he could say more, Florence had him by the arm and was helping him to a chair.

"Won't you sit down with us for a while?" she asked. "Rosalia is going to sing for us. I want to whisper something in your ear. She shouldn't hear it. Rosalia has a very sweet voice." Angelo looked his delight.

"Come, Rosalia," went on May, seating herself at the piano. "Come, sing for your papa. Sing, Santa Lucia."

She did, with all the grace of unspoiled innocence. The old man at first hummed along. But, when she reached the chorus, he was singing with full voice. Rosalia clapped her hands in glee and patting her father affectionately on the shoulder, shouted:

"Sing it again, papa, you and I. We never singa together likea dees."

"Ah!" sighed the old Angelo with glistening eyes. "I singa dat often on da Bay of Amalfi."

"Who is that Santa Lucia," asked Florence, very, very innocently; for she did not wish to betray her perturbation.

"Santa Lucia," replied Angelo, happy to be able to give information, "she was da girl like you. She was—what you call 'im—a martyr."

"A martyr?" queried Florence feigning ignorance. "And what did she die for?"

"She? Don't a you know dat? She died for da Catholic religion."

"The same religion," went on Florence, "that you and I have?"

Angelo looked from one to the other with the look of a fish admiring the worm dangling at the end of a hook.

"We ought to do something for that religion, too, it seems to me," added May, "if it is worth that much."

"Ah, yes," said the old street-sweeper, somewhat doubtfully, "we fight for it."

"But couldn't you be better prepared to fight by going to church every Sunday and saying your prayers every day?" questioned May.

"Ah, da church—I used da go in sunny Italia. But, here in America it ees different."

"Yes," chimed in Florence. "Just as if Rosalia would be good as long as she was under your roof; but, as soon as she got out she would be wild and naughty. You wouldn't be satisfied with that, would you?"

"My Rosalia? A bad girl? No, no; never."

"Then, why shouldn't Angelo go to church, whether he is in Italy or in America?"

"De women and da cheeldra dey go to da church. De men, dey makea da mon," replied Angelo somewhat hotly. But, Florence persisted.

"But, Christopher Columbus, he was an Italian man, and he had a padre with him to say Mass. And Michael Angelo, he was an Italian man, and he—"

"Ah, Michael Angelo, see dat statue on da piano? Dat ees a copy of da great Angelo's Moses. Ah, dat ees grand!"

"But, Michael Angelo, if he came here would shake hands with me though I am not Italian, because he would know I am like him; but, he wouldn't look at you." Florence regretted her words almost as soon as they were out. She was afraid.

"Dose priests," grumbled Angelo in reply, "dey only look for da mon."

"They do not," put in May earnestly. "We aren't blind, are we?"

"But dey dress fine and dey have a fine house—"

"And do you think we want to see our priests in rags and have the other people say those Catholics don't care about their priests? Don't they stand in public for our religion?"

"Yes, no," said Angelo somewhat uncertainly. "But, dey donta want nothin to do wid old Angelo the street-sweeper, because he ees poor. Would dey move a foot for him?"

"We give our time gladly for Rosalia and all the other Italian boys and girls; and the priest would do more; only you won't let him."

Angelo arose and turned to leave. "Dey look for da mon," he grumbled. Both May and Florence arose quickly and prepared to leave.

"Well, Mr. Fanelli, we'll say good night, and be going. We enjoyed our visit so much. Good night, Rosalia."

Angelo showed them to the door, while Mrs. Fanelli and Rosalia shouted their good night. As he closed the door behind him again, Angelo said to Mrs. Fanelli:

"Nicea young ladies! I wanta dat our Rosalia should grow up like dem."

"And be a Sunday School teacher, too?" asked Mrs. Fanelli.

"Bah! Why not? Ain't our Italian girls justa as bright as dey?"

Next day old Angelo was on the job, sweeping the street in the neighborhood of the church. Passers by could hear him humming "Santa Lucia" as he pushed his broom rythmically. He was back in the old haunts—reefing a sail, perhaps, on the blue waters of Amalfi. He was oblivious of his surroundings, and did not even notice Father Pilgram, as he came out of the rectory.

At that moment a big automobile rounded the corner and bore down upon Angelo. It flashed upon him so suddenly, the sun reflected from the glass blinded him momentarily, the sudden screech of the klaxon confounded him; he stepped right into the path of the machine and in a moment would have been crushed under its wheels, when suddenly he was hurtled through the air and landed unharmed on the heap of dust and dirt he had collected. He rose and brushed himself off, and only then saw the big car, with grinding of brakes, come to a dead stop at the opposite curb. In the middle of the street lay a man—grimy he was with dust and blood streamed from his face. He was struggling to rise.

Angelo went over to him. His eyes widened and his mouth opened with inarticulate surprise. It was Father Pilgram. Then, Angelo realized that it was he who had saved his life. He knelt down by the side of the priest and tried to assist him.

"I can't get up," said he huskily, "my leg must be broken."

"Dio mio, Padre!" exclaimed Angelo, as the tears gathered in his eyes. "I lifta you up, I carry you, Angelo he ees strong, ah! what can a da poor Angelo do?"

The party from the automobile coming up just then, it was ar-

ranged to take the priest into the rectory and call for a doctor. Angelo looked after the sorry procession, and as the rectory door closed, he gathered up his broom and shovel, laid them against the curb, and trudged over to the church.

Next Sunday, dressed in his best clothes, Angelo appeared early at the rectory door.

"Father can't be seen now; he has just received Communion. Come back in half an hour and he'll be glad to see you," said the housekeeper.

Angelo had chosen this hour because then Mrs. Fanelli and Rosalia had gone to Mass and he did not want them to know his errand. He deliberated with himself for a while on the steps of the rectory. Where should he go for half an hour. "Yes," he murmured. He went into the church, stumbled into the last pew, and knelt there till the Mass was over.

On the way out he was spied by Mrs. Fanelli and Rosalia. The little queen ran up to him, threw her arms about him as was her wont. She was too happy for words.

"You were in da church," said Mrs. Fanelli. "I'm so glad."

"Well, why shouldn't I?" replied Angelo. "Our Lord he die, de priest he break a da leg, only for de soul of poor Angelo de street-sweeper. Can't I do something for it too? Now, you go home; I must see about a job."

When they were out of sight, he went up to the rectory.

Two young ladies watched the scene. They were evidently happy about something as they turned homeward.

"Somebody did it," said Florence wisely.

"Don't be afraid to be good. This fear is far too general, and gives much boldness to the bad. Don't advertise your goodness; but, for the sake of the example, don't hide it."

Wear a smile on your face,
Keep a laugh in your heart,
Let your lips bubble over with song;
'Twill lighten your load.
As you travel life's road.
And help other trav'lers along.

The Paths of Light

DOROTHEA VON SCHLEGEL: CONVERT.

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss. R.

The story of the conversion of Ralie Marie Levy reminds us of another remarkable convert from the Jewish faith, Dorothea von Schlegel. She was and will remain one of the leading literary women of Germany. She was the eldest daughter of Moses Mendelssohn, a philosopher of wide reputation in his day. By him she was carefully educated in the more or less rationalistic conception of Judaism which he owned. Her nephew was the famous musician and composer, Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.

DOROTHEA

The native beauty of her character may be seen from one of her letters written long before her conversion, to her younger sister. She gives her advice which evidently was taken from her own life:

"Busy yourself usefully; learn all you can; help those in need as much as you can with counsel, sympathy or money. Never cease to work at your own perfection; improve steadily, without growing weary, try to correct the faults you notice in yourself; believe me, the only way to happiness is always to grow better; everything else is outside of us, it can make us happy only as long as novelty lasts.

"Accustom yourself every night to write down not only what you have done or what has happened to you during the day; but, also what you have thought or felt. Send it to me from time to time. I will write to you often in order to help whenever there is need."

And, again, a passing remark that reveals a beautiful trait in her. Writing to a friend, who had called her description of spring childish, she says: "I am glad you found it so. Do you believe, that one can, without being a child, have the right understanding of it? Children are something heavenly, my dear Levin."

CHARITY

"With Caroline, I am very well satisfied. I am on the best footing with her, and that isn't anything easy; for she never, even for once, flatters anyone and never consents to do it even just to make herself agreeable; so I had to undergo a rather severe test before she was really good to me; but friendly, that she was from the beginning.

"What I value in her, however, is her hard, it is true, but always noble straightforwardness and uprightness. So she judges also about works of art and in fact about everything quite brusquely; but, what in others would seem arrogant, in her lies in the very ingenuousness and native simplicity of her character. She is really very good and all the good of every man is rightly appraised by her. She has, it is true, a rather high opinion of herself—by rights everybody ought to have this of himself—especially, when it appears beside such a just appreciation of the worth of others, as is the case with Caroline, and when it is shown so naively and is never concealed in the heart, while another is hypocritically put on for others."

COMPANIONSHIP

The companionship she enjoyed was remarkable. She was in the midst of Germany's greatest philosophers and literary men. Of this she wrote to her dearest friend Rachel Levin:

"I live here most content and daily grow wiser and more adept. Anyone who would not, in the midst of these men, must be made of stone or iron. Such a continual concert of wit and poetry and art and science as surrounds me here, can make me forget the rest of the world and especially what the rest of the world calls pleasures."

There were Fichte, Schleiermacher and Schelling the philosophers—Schlegel the critic and renowned translator of Shakespeare—Frederick Schlegel whom she later married, Tieck, Brentano, Hardenberg and others; all of them chief exponents of the new Romanticist School of Literature. Even Goethe joined them. Later she enjoyed the company of almost all the great statesmen, literary people, artists and scientists.

"Christianity," she says in one of her letters, "is here the order of the day." All these men were learning a little of the attractive force of the old Church and its sheer poetry made them revolt against the materialistic and pagan atmosphere that was settling over the world of letters at that time. Many of these men later came to see the full light.

This was in the year 1800.

FIRST EVIDENCES

It was only a few months later, that a friend, Auguste Boehmer, daughter of a convert to the Church, sent her in her mother's name

a holy picture and a volume of sacred songs. Dorothea, acknowledging the gift, writes:

"I thank your mother heartily for the beautiful holy picture. I keep it ever before me; it seems to me I would not have chosen any other saint for myself, she just suits me. The pictures and the Catholic songs have pleased me so much that I formed the resolution, that if I ever turn Christian, it must by all means be Catholic. Please tell your mother to let me know how I should set about it if I should, for instance, seek to be baptized in Bamberg! Do not laugh, I am serious."

PROTESTANT

In 1802 she wrote to Schleiermacher, the prophet of modern Protestantism: "For the rest, here in Paris, I am doing a 'great' deal of reading in the Bible, Luther's translation. That man must be senseless, who ever believes that he has read enough of the Bible. I read carefully the Old and the New Testament and, to my feeling, I find Protestant Christianity preferable to Catholic. This has for me too much resemblance with old Judaism, which I heartily abhor. But, Protestantism seems to me to be entirely the religion of Jesus, and the religion of culture; in my heart I am entirely, as far as I can understand the Bible, a Protestant; the open profession of it I do not, according to my conscience, consider necessary; for, in this very open profession there lies some Catholic ostentation, autocracy and pride. Enough that I know and believe."

She was far from the true faith. Old prejudices lay thick upon her. But, sorrow came to chasten her and trouble and worries.

On the 6th of April, 1804, she was baptized in the Swedish Church (Protestant) in Paris, and was married to Frederick Schlegel, author of the "Philosophy of History," a great critic, and poet of the romantic school. So she had passed from Judaism to Protestantism.

At this time she and her husband were Protestant; her two sons Jewish; her sister, Henrietta Mendelssohn, genial and cultured, rationalistic. They were all to be one.

ACCUSED

Meanwhile Frederick Schlegel, led on by philosophical and historical researches, as well as by romantic poetry, was approaching the Church. In fact, rumors were already abroad that he had turned. Dorothea, who was so deeply attached to her husband, lived herself

into his own ideas until Catholic traits began to appear in her poetry also. This drew from a dear friend of her's, Caroline Paulus, a rather stinging reproach: "You are letting yourself be drawn into this modern Catholic madness."

Dorothea defended herself; but, not by denying that conversion to the Church might be her ultimate goal. She rather turns upon her aggressor:

"I maintain," she says, "that when it comes down to it, you, yourself, are really Catholic; for your zeal, your energy in opposing everything Catholic, is itself entirely Catholic. To the genuine enlightenment of our time this zeal does not fit at all. To it belongs first of all neutrality, then meaninglessness, lack of energy, thoughtless imitation and aping; untamed self-love; foolish vanity; flat sensitiveness; emptiness and joylessness. What do you say to my litany? It's almost as good as yours against Catholicism."

In the same letter she speaks of her literary labors and adds:

"Especially, I have succeeded so far in Spanish, that I can read Calderon, Cervantes. These, it is true, are abused, foolish, blasphemous, tasteless Catholics; but, still not at all bad poets!"

The letter was dated Christmas, 1805.

BACK TO THE CHARGE

Her friend evidently kept up the fire; for in a reply dated February 28th, 1806, Dorothea Schlegel rallies once more to the defence:

"We have spoken so long of liberty of conscience and tolerance. But, when it comes down to it, it appears that we demanded that for ourselves; but, are not at all willing to have it granted to others. The Protestants demanded freedom for their worship. They got it, and now they begrudge it to the Catholics, and hate them because they ask for it." And again:

"Do I believe that eternal youth is to be found in the Catholic Faith? Certainly, I believe that, and for this reason I am so desirous that you, too, should be Catholic, that you might remain to your ninetieth year as cheerful and lovely as you are now."

Further on she continues:

"I hate the enlightenment of our times heartily, nothing good, yes nothing at all has become of it till now. Just because it is ancient, I prefer Catholicism. All these new fads are valueless." Still she assures her friend:

"We have not yet changed religion or rather confession. We have not yet been asked for a profession of faith. And so we do not consider it our place to make one. But, should it be asked of us, we are determined."

She comes back at her friend once more in defense of Catholicism and vigorously:

"Do I believe, you ask, that the arts in Germany are a result of Catholicism? I certainly do believe that. At least, art went down with Catholicism, just as it also flourished with it."

To this Frederick Schlegel wrote a note, as follows:

"If you consider me partial to Catholics, I must confess that this is due in part to personal friendship. This esteem and whole-hearted friendship I found only among these much damned people. My one-time, so-called friends, Calvinist, Lutheran, Moravian Brothers—theists, atheists and idealists—all except my brother, who is, however, a poor Calvinist—acted toward me more like gypsies."

IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION

In fact, that year things had come to such a point that Dorothea could write to her husband, Frederick Schlegel:

"As to the profession of faith or the conversion to the Church, I confess that I do not want you to let yourself be held back any longer by any private or public consideration. Let us not, dearest, allow the unknown and uncertain in our external position—which must always remain more or less uncertain and changeable—to be made more unbearable still by internal uncertainty. Here every consideration must yield and only the inner voice must reign."

Evidently they went to Mass and divine services at this time, in the Catholic Church. For she writes to Frederick, who at that time was with Madame de Stael, doing some philosophical research:

"It seems that you have really been forced to give up going to Mass. I feel sorry for you; what shall I say of the obstinacy of this woman, who otherwise seems to surpass her kind in intelligence and gifts? May the Holy Spirit take the band from her eyes! I prayed for her today at Mass with all the energy of my soul. You can always picture me on Sunday mornings between nine and eleven o'clock in the Cathedral; I never miss the High Mass, as long as my health permits. There, I pray for you and for all who are dear and precious to me on earth. In fact, I do this always and at every moment and in every

place; only on Sundays, in church, this constant prayer becomes loud and finds words; just as a poem is only the manifestation, the blossoming of the inner working of the soul. But I never come away from the altar without comfort and strength, and the power and miracles of prayer manifest themselves in my soul always more and always new."

She was growing somewhat impatient even that Frederick's labors in Paris were delaying their entry into the Church.

"This Easter," she wrote in 1807, "I was in great temptation to precede you; but, I held myself. Without necessity I shall not separate myself from you. God gave you to me as my leader, I follow you; but, remember that now you must give an account of two souls."

AT THE GOAL

But another year was to pass before the happy moment of their reception into the Church.

In her diary appear the two short notices:

"April 16th, 1808. Profession of Faith made at Our Lady's Altar in the Cathedral of Cologne. In presence of the Rector of the Seminary, H. Foerster, the Rev. Gumpert and the Rev. H. Debeche.

"April 18th. Received Holy Communion in the Seminary. Our marriage blessed in the Cathedral in presence of the above."

The following Pentecost day she writes to her husband, who had gone to Dresden on business:

"Dearest, I wish you with all my heart a very happy Pentecost: I do not doubt that you, in accordance with your usual custom, have certainly found time, despite the turmoil that surrounds you, for an hour alone, in order to give yourself to prayer and meditation. Last year we were together at High Mass in the Cathedral; I could not keep back the tears as I knelt next to you, and implored the Holy Spirit for His Gifts and His Help in our undertakings. You asked me afterwards why I wept; I did not have the courage to tell you; but, now I have been heard! This year I shed happy tears of gratitude for my great, my never deserved happiness. Yesterday morning I prepared myself for the feast—I went to confession, heard Father Albert's Mass and received Communion from him. I included you in all, and you were constantly in my heart; indeed, I never ask for any blessing for myself alone."

However, I do not think that we can find better evidence of the thoroughness of her conversion than in her letters to her sons, who had

in the meantime also come into the Church. They were both artists and already winning renown. To Philip, for instance, she writes:

"Tomorrow is the feast of All Saints. I hope you have not forgotten this and will keep your devotion. I will think of you tomorrow at Holy Communion, as I daily include you in all my prayers, asking God to keep you from sin, to send you His Holy Spirit, and to strengthen you in all your undertakings. If possible, my dear Philip, go to church every morning, if only for a short prayer. It is impossible to tell what an influence this practice will have on one's whole day. Surely, every morning when you awake, there will be all kinds of reasons and excuses why you should not go to church, or why you should put it off till ten or eleven o'clock, etc. I know it well; because, it happens that way to me, too; but, if you yield to these inspirations of your lower nature, your peace and happiness for the day is lost for good (and who knows that this unhappy day may be our last). But if God wins in us, and we let no business of bad weather or anything of the kind turn us from our purpose, one's heart at once is calm—like a well-ordered house, in which everything stands clean and ornamental in its place. Then it will seem laughable to us how the evil spirit tried to keep us from our joy. If your work permits you to hear Mass every day, never neglect it. If it does not, say at least the prayer of St. Thomas and three Hail Mary's in honor of the immaculate purity of the Mother of God in order to obtain a pure heart. And do not forget us and your brothers."

This advice is as beautiful as it is practical.

BEFORE THE KING

A beautiful incident may be found in the life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary. Her feast, by the way, is celebrated on the 19th of November.

While yet a child at the court of Thuringia, she was accustomed to go to church with her future sister-in-law. They were both dressed in the same manner, and wore diamond crowns. Sophia, the queen-mother, observed that as the two princesses entered the church, Elizabeth took off her crown. She asked her why she did so.

"Because," answered she with simplicity, "I cannot appear with diamonds upon my head where I see Jesus crowned with thorns."

The Shrimp Becomes a Whale

THE HARPOONED WHALE EMERGES VICTOR

J. R. MELVIN, C.Ss.R.

That is how it happened, that when on a mild April day, over three-score athletes massed at the starting line of the Patriot Day Marathon in a little town twenty-five miles from Boston, Shrimp Slade was among them. Many thousand spectators lined the entire course, but Dan knew that somewhere near the finish, were Irene Mulrean and her father, praying that he might be successful in bringing honor and glory to himself and the college so dear to them all. If he lasted long enough, to reach it, he knew that, when he passed Boston College, he would find Father Clane among the Priests and students cheering him on to victory. Near him at the starting line was Rube O'Dare—whom the Shrimp had rescued from the lake on his first day at college. O'Dare had insisted on leaving his broker's office long enough to train himself to ride a bicycle sufficiently well to accompany the Shrimp as handler. Unknown to Dan and his friends, the New York train had disgorged three other whilom acquaintances, and they also were waiting somewhere along the course. Two of these carried a blackjack in a rear pocket and a suspicious bulge, in the side of their coat, was suggestive of an automatic. The third man revealed a shining badge whenever he opened his coat and he was careful never to allow the first two out of his sight.

On the stroke of twelve, a gun barked, and a patchwork of varied colored running suits broke away, trailed by the bicycles of handlers and the automobiles of newspaper men and officials. Some runners sprang away in the van, but the more experienced men settled down into the pace they had mapped out for themselves. The Shrimp had gone over the course on Friday in an automobile, and while he realized that the course presented more obstacles than any he had hitherto traversed, still he felt confident of being able to maintain his characteristic pace until the finish. A marathon usually brings out three classes of runners. First, a few who have little hope of finishing, and are entered for the novelty of having their name blazoned forth in the sport columns as a Marathon entry; secondly, the speed artists consisting of two divisions, inexperienced men who shoot their bolt in the first ten miles, and rarely

finish the distance, and thirdly, pace horses who are usually entries of some prominent club. These latter are not expected to win, but it is their duty to make the pace as fast as possible in the hope of killing off some of the stars and giving their main entry a chance to come up from the rear and win. They usually finish, but far in the rear of the prize winners. Finally, there are the "money runners"; that is, men who can be relied upon to run a carefully calculated race consistent with their ability. In commenting on the list of entries for the Boston marathon, one of the great dailies had singled out the Shrimp for special notice, mentioning him as the only college entry and insisting that his record in the Detroit marathon entitled him to careful watching on the part of possible winners.

Sometimes, an experienced runner makes a runaway of a marathon, setting the pace from the beginning and leading the pack all the way. It looked as though Herodes, the Greek, was determined to do this that day. Well in front, he swung along at a swift steady pace that began to tire those who had not strength and stamina, before the runners had swept through the town of Ashland and on into South Framingham. News, brought back by officials, credited him with covering the first five miles in twenty-two minutes.

The Shrimp refused to increase his pace, though he found himself at the end of the first five miles with the rear guard of runners. However, he was in distinguished company. Close to him were Dewar, who had won the Boston Marathon two years before and had competed for five successive years—Zenor who had won at Baltimore and Quebec; Milan from Chicago, Rorke from New York, and others. All those mentioned had finished ahead of Dan at Chicago and he felt they would be way up in front at the finish today.

At Natick, the experienced runners began to forge ahead, leaving the main pack behind. Dan trailed right along with the leaders, Zenor and Dewar, a strong easy stride carrying him along splendidly. The hill at Newton Heights marks the end of winning aspirations for all who are not in condition. It is the acid test of Marathon endurance. Zenor, the Spaniard, showed himself in distress here—struggled gamely for a few hundred yards further, and then collapsed, a groaning heap in the roadway. But Dewar only increased his pace and the Shrimp was overjoyed to find he could match him, stride for stride, with no

apparent difficulty. An official car dashed past, its occupants shouting to the runners that only four men were in front of them—Rudik, the Finn, and Herodes, the Greek, almost half a mile ahead. At this news, Rorke spurted and set out at a flying pace after the leaders; Milan followed suit, but Dewar maintained his steady speedy pace unabated, with Slade following just far enough behind him to avoid the dust kicked up by his flying feet. O'Dare at this point broke the news to the Shrimp that he was considerably slower in time than his ability would indicate. The Shrimp responded with a grin and lengthened and quickened his stride. Dewar responded to this challenge and spurted, soon leading Slade by a hundred yards. The Boston Marathon, this year, was notable for one fact—the first six to finish would represent the United States in the Olympic Marathon. It was the Shrimp's ambition to be among those first six and he was determined to do or die. Yet here was the better part of the race gone and seven veteran runners ahead of him.

Boston College brought him a cheer from the collegians. Besides, near the wall, he saw Father Clane waving the banner of St. Matt's and cheering. As his protegee neared the wall, Father Clane yelled encouragement. The Shrimp shouted a word to O'Dare, his handler; the latter rode up to the wall, spoke to Father Clane and rode back to the Shrimp. As soon as O'Dare reached him, the Shrimp fell on his knees, the Priest raised his hand in blessing and the Shrimp, after making the Sign of the Cross, rose and spurted forward, as though the race had just begun for him. At this public profession of Faith, a cheer, that made the welkin ring, went up, not only from the students, but from hundreds of spectators massed near the last hill, for Boston College Heights and the hill that leads to them is the heart-breaker for many a runner who has survived the pitfalls of Newton.

Down the hill beyond the college sped the Shrimp after the flying leaders out in front. He could see Rorke and Milan falling back, but Dewar was still going strong and the Greek and Finn were out of sight. At the foot of the hill is a clump of trees and back from the road was an automobile parked, with two men beside it. Spectators were so common that the Shrimp did not even turn his head. As Slade and O'Dare came abreast of them, the men stepped forward. One of them, grasping O'Dare's bicycle, flung wheel and rider into a deep culvert at the

side of the road. The other sprang forward and raised a blackjack, swinging viciously at the head of the Shrimp. Slade recognized his old enemy, "the Gorilla." Pantingly he dodged the blackjack and grasped the wrist of the thug. He noticed the second man in the background reaching for a gun, but before he could draw it, a burly form leaped from the bushes and crashed a heavy fist down upon the head of the crook. Slade gasped, as he saw his rescuer was none other than Clancy, the detective. But he had trouble on his hands. Though a quick twist of the wrist tore the blackjack from his hand, the Gorilla quickly drew a revolver, and even as the Shrimp realizing death was near, swung his fist squarely to the jaw of the thug, the latter fired and the Shrimp staggered as the bullet plowed through the flesh and muscles of his arm. He wasted no time, but raising the blackjack, which had fallen, felled the Gorilla, who had been dazed and staggered by the blow from Shrimp's fist. Clancy leaped to his assistance.

"Look out, Clancy!" screamed Slade, as he saw the second thug rising dazedly, with automatic drawn. Clancy turned, but the Shrimp saw the crook raising the gun with deadly aim. He hesitated not a moment, did that athlete, with memories of sudden deadly gunplay in his days of error before his mind. Drawing back his uninjured right arm, he flung the blackjack which he held with unerring aim. It struck the crook squarely between the eyes and he fell like a log. Clancy stood with mouth agape, handcuffs in his hand. O'Dare, evidently not badly hurt, was clamboring from the ditch, his bicycle a wreck. And the Shrimp actually laughed.

"Tend to these fellows, Clancy," he shouted; "I'm going to finish the race."

And without another word he sped away, blood oozing from his arm, while Clancy, aided by O'Dare, handcuffed the prostrate crooks, repeating again and again, "He flung that jack and got his man; I saw him with my own eyes."

Onward ran the Shrimp. He was fighting now and tired. As he swept into the broad street lined with great apartment houses, significant of the city and the near finish of the race, he passed Milan and Rorke—pantingly they plowed along, a few feet in back of a runner from Newark, who also had palpably shot his bolt, and whom the Shrimp soon passed. On through the city ran the Shrimp. At the thronged Coolidge Corner, with the finish only a few miles away, two more

runners fell back of him. The crowd, recognizing the college entry who had been hailed as a dark horse, cheered lustily. As he swung into Beacon Street, he saw Dewar ahead falteringly, yet steadily plowing along. But far in front was Herodes, the Greek, nearly half a mile to the good, having killed off all opposition, including the stubborn Finn, who had slackened his pace and fallen back at Coolidge corner. Quickening his long stride, giving no heed to the throbbing of the wound in his arm, the Shrimp set out for Dewar. Yard by yard Slade cut down the distance till he was on Dewar's heels. The latter spurted. Slade in turn increased his speed. While thousands cheered, these two, veteran and novice, battled for position, and the novice won. Slade's stride was longest and in the long race, long strides tell. He swept in front of Dewar. The Shrimp was tired—his perspiring body laboring, his throat parched and he felt dizzy from loss of blood. Sudden panic seized him lest he faint and the others pass him. Feverishly he ran, laboring rather to get away from the men behind him than with any hope of winning the race.

Only when he turned into Commonwealth Avenue for the last leg of the race, except the short spurt into Exeter Street, did the Shrimp realize how he had cut down the lead of Herodes. The Greek was scarcely two hundred yards ahead of him. The crowd cheered. Through blurred eyes, Dan saw the Greek look frantically over his shoulder, falter and lose pace, while the Shrimp made up by many yards. At the turn into Exeter Street, the Shrimp was only a few yards behind. A slight rise was before him, a stretch of a few hundred yards to the finish line. Into his body that seemed almost dead, the Shrimp willed speed. One last, desperate spurt—his eyes staring glassily—head thrown back—cords as in a vise—feet pounding painfully—doggedly—prayerfully, he fought for the lead. Now he was on the heels of the Greek—now even with him. Dazedly he saw the red worsted of the finish tape stretched before him. Frantically he flung himself at it—and collapsed. The Shrimp had won.

When Shrimp Slade returned to consciousness after falling in a dead faint a moment after he had crossed the finish line as winner of the Boston Marathon, he found himself tenderly ministered to by a skilled surgeon who had bound up his arm. He had been bathed and massaged under the experienced direction of no less a man than "Dark" Sullivan, famous among American coaches of track and field.

As the Shrimp opened his eyes he found himself in the grasp of two husky negro rubbers, who were bearing him ignominiously off to bed while, outside the club, a mob of enthusiasts clamored loudly for a sight of the hero of the day.

"Here, you fellows, let me down," expostulated Slade, "I'm all right."

"Better let them put you to bed. Take a good long rest and you'll be all right in the morning," said the doctor.

"Nonsense," said the Shrimp, "I feel fine. Is my arm much injured?"

"No, you were lucky, from all I can learn," said the doctor. "Evidently the bullet passed through the fleshy part of the upper arm and did not even lodge there. But, how on earth did it happen? All we've heard is that someone who had a grudge against you fired at you as you ran by."

"That's enough of a story for the present," said the Shrimp. "Say, I'm dead anxious to get up and see my friends and find out where I finished."

"Where you finished?" ejaculated Sullivan. "Why, you won, of course, after the closest race in American Marathon history."

"I thought I had won," grinned Slade happily, "but I wasn't certain. You see I passed out just as I crossed the line. I'm very thankful to you men; but, really, I must get up to see my friends."

"Friends?" asked the doctor smilingly. "You mean friend, do you not? There was a good looking young lady who made half a dozen trips down here to ask how you were. She seemed very anxious concerning your welfare. Well, go ahead. I guess it won't hurt you. You certainly must have stamina to run such a race. I've done my bit and "Dark" Sullivan knows how to care for a man after a race, if any man does. My name is Sloan and you'll find me in the Fenwick, if the arm requires further attention."

"Both of you have been awfully good. It sure is a pleasure to find fellow Knights of Columbus taking such good care of me right here in Puritan Boston," said the Shrimp.

"Puritan Boston," laughed Sullivan, "is ancient history. The Irish own Boston now. Believe me, they'll set this old town on fire tonight because a Catholic Irish boy from a Catholic college won America's biggest race of the year. Boy, you'll go down in history. I'm only

sorry you didn't run for Holy Cross, both Doc and myself are Holy Cross men."

"Well, it's all in a good cause," said Slade. "That's why I did my best for dear old St. Matts. But, at that I didn't beat the Greek by a whole lot."

"An inch is as good as a mile," said Sullivan. "But, we won't keep you. Congratulations and good-bye."

Shrimp shook hands with the physician and the trainer and after being directed as to how to reach the reception room left the lockers. As he mounted the stairs he passed weary athletes who were still straggling in, though the leaders had crossed the finish line almost an hour before. As soon as he opened the door leading to the Reception Room of the club, he was seized by a group of students and lifted tenderly albeit forcefully upon their shoulders. Then from the throats of the little group of Westerners who had traveled all the way to Boston to see the champion of St. Matts bring glory to the little Wisconsin college, welled forth a mighty chorus of cheers and college yells and songs while they marched about the room in triumph with a host of sympathetic Bostonians applauding lustily. His chums would have borne him in triumph to the street but O'Dare interfered.

"Here, you barbarians," shouted O'Dare good-naturedly. "Do you want to wreck him altogether. The very idea of taking a man with a sore arm out into that milling mob. Let him down!"

"O'Dare's right for once," said a former fullback, who held captive the legs of the Shrimp. "He might be hurt. Besides his girl's waiting. Let the little hero down, boys!"

The group finally agreed and the Shrimp was let down. He could not tear himself away though before his uninjured arm had become almost as limp as the wounded arm, from the many congratulatory handshakes he had perforce to submit to. Finally, O'Dare, by sheer force, pushed him through the crowd and steered him into the ladies' reception room, where Irene and her father waited with a number of the fair sex waiting for this or that particular hero.

As soon as Dan entered the room Irene ran up to him and throwing her arms around his neck kissed him. Whereat Dan had the grace to blush heartily and, O'Dare, standing at the door to bar entrance, shouted to the boys from St. Matt's: "Hey, fellows! The Shrimp's girl is kissing him. Don't you wish you were Marathon winners?"

"Mr. O'Dare, I think you're terrible," said Irene, flushed with

embarrassment. "I just couldn't help it. I was so worried about Danny and I am so happy that he won."

"You are no happier than the rest of us," said O'Dare. "It certainly is a great day for St. Matt's."

"It surely was worth coming to Boston," said the Judge, shaking hands with the Shrimp, "to see a protégé of mine carry the colors of dear St. Matt's to glory in an event of national importance."

A student whispered something to O'Dare and the latter nodded enthusiastically. Then he turned to Slade and the others. "You folks are hereby solemnly warned not to partake too heartily of the bill of fare provided here," said O'Dare. "The crowd from St. Matt's have secured a private dining room at the Samoset and are preparing a victory banquet. They expect all of you at seven o'clock. As it's almost five-thirty now—even though you feel half starved—please be ready to do justice to the victory dinner."

"I am too excited to eat," said Irene.

"That may be well enough for you and your father who had, doubtless, a bounteous luncheon. But, please remember that the Shrimp and his handler were on an athlete's diet. One poached egg and two slices of toast plus a cup of weak tea, our sole nutriment thus far on this day of days, makes me feel as though I had never seen a square meal. Really, I am faint. Don't you think I look haggard?"

"Not half as haggard as when you crawled out of the ditch," said the Shrimp, laughing. "By the way, old man, have you felt any ill effects of that incident?"

"Nope," responded O'Dare grinning, "except a bruise or two—not worth mentioning. But, aren't you hungry?"

"What incident do you mean?" asked Irene solicitously.

"Did you fall off your bike?"

"No, I was pushed off," said O'Dare. Then, as he caught Dan's warning signal for silence, he continued: "Just a little unpleasantness which had no evil consequences."

"That explains Danny's bleeding arm," said Irene. "Please tell me all about it."

"After dinner, heartless maiden," replied O'Dare lightly. "Remember the hero languisheth from hunger's pangs."

"You're wrong there," said the Shrimp. "The good friends below in the gymnasium treated me to a delicious cup of broth. Really, after a good cup of coffee I shall be fit as a fiddle."

"Father Clane phoned that he is waiting anxiously at your hotel to see you, Dan," interposed the Judge. "So, since I know you boys are famished and Irene and I are not at all hungry, if you will excuse us we shall join Father Clane at the hotel at once and you can come as soon as you have lunched. Then, we can all go to the Samoset together."

"A very good plan, indeed," said Irene. "I am just dying to see Father Clane and hear what he thinks of Danny."

"He probably thinks what we all believe," said O'Dare, "that the Shrimp of St. Matt's has become the biggest whale of an athlete the old college ever produced."

"Aw, come and get your lunch," protested Slade. "You will excuse us for half an hour, Irene?"

"Certainly," said that young lady, "but don't let others steal my hero away."

"Never fear, I have a lunch waiting in a room on the fourth floor of this place," said O'Dare, "and a taxi man is bribed to meet us at a rear entrance so we can slip away quietly from the crowd. We'll be with you in forty minutes at the most."

The chums made their way to the lunch prepared for them, to which they did full justice, while Irene and her father were whisked away in their limousine to the hotel where they found Father Clane with a folded newspaper in his hand, pacing anxiously up and down the lobby. If Irene expected to chat long with him, she was disappointed. After a brief exchange of congratulations on the outcome of the race, Father Clane expressed a desire to speak to the Judge privately. Irene was left alone while the Judge conversed long and earnestly with Father Clane in the room of the jurist. Finally, Irene was summoned to their presence. She found them with several afternoon newspapers spread before them, and an anxious look on their faces. Whatever the subject of their conversation, she, too, was soon deep in discussion, which continued till the Shrimp arrived with O'Dare. Then, the Shrimp was taken off to a room by Father Clane, who talked to him long and earnestly. The Shrimp seemed to be protesting at whatever Father Clane was urging upon him; but, finally, seemed reluctantly to agree to the priest's proposals. Next, Father Clane went to a telephone booth and engaged in a long conversation over the wire with the editor of Boston's most respected late evening

newspaper. Finally, Irene and the Shrimp, who had been left alone together for some time, were borne off in the Judge's limousine to the Samoset, while O'Dare, the Judge, and Father Clane followed in a taxicab. However, the latter trio, though they had left the hotel of the Judge after Irene and the Shrimp, arrived at the Samoset before them. This was explained by the Shrimp, who stated that Irene and he had stopped enroute to make a purchase.

As the party were borne aloft to the private dining room, Father Clane whispered to O'Dare, "You have warned all the guests?"

"Every mother's son of them," replied O'Dare. "He won't know a thing till you make your speech. Let's hope nothing goes wrong."

"Oh, it can't go wrong," said the good priest, "the good Lord simply couldn't allow such a thing."

THE BEAUTY PARLOR

In the life of Father Bernard Vaughan we find many references to the character and holiness of the mother of the famous Vaughan family. She must have been a saint.

After putting her children to bed, she would return to the little home chapel for her own prayers.

"While she prayed in the chapel," says the biographer, "her little daughter Gladys used to follow her, and was amazed at the transformation of her mother's face. She thought, at first, that her mother must be asleep, so calmly her eyes stayed closed.

"Then one day she asked her why, when she was praying, she always became so much prettier. Mrs. Vaughan just laughed, and said, looking to the Tabernacle:

"'My darling, Jesus is there.'"

"Little Gladys kept going back, after that, to the chapel repeating to herself, with her eyes on the little door: 'Jesus is there.' No wonder her life grew into what it did. She became a nun and lived a very holy life.

Pope Pius lately asked a group of Cardinals what they thought was the most needed Catholic instrument nowadays. Many answers were given; but, his was: A group of really instructed laymen in every parish.

Catholic Anecdotes

"WHEN THOU BRINGEST THY GIFT."

Thomas of Kempis tells the following story:

A youth who attended Mass was unable to see the Host—try as he might. Because he ascribed this to weak eyes and to distance from the altar, he got as near as possible. Still he could not see the Sacred Host. This went on for some time, until, at length, disquieted he told his confessor about it. The confessor questioned him carefully and finally found out that the young man bore hatred towards a companion and would not forgive him. That cleared up matters.

"I see," he said, "you bear a grudge against someone, and this is the reason why the Sacred Host is taken from your sight. For, because you are so wanting in love for your neighbor, the Lord in His mercy wishes to show you that though you attend the Holy Sacrifice you derive no benefit from it as long as you are in that condition. Put away your hatred and God will take pity on you."

He promised—received absolution—and lo! the Sacred Host become visible again in the priest's hands.

BOUND FOR THE LEPER LAND

From an old number of the New Orleans *Picayune*, dated April 17, 1896, we glean the following account of the departure of some Sisters of Charity to take charge of a leper colony.

"Bound for leper land!"

"There was a pause in the busy rush on the levee, men gathered in hushed groups on the river bank, and every hat was doffed as four dark-robed women made their way through the expectant throng to the landing of the *Paul Tulane*.

"Who were they? Ah! who can tell the identity of the Sisters of Charity—those sweet, soft-voiced women who move along the rough paths of the world, making no louder noise than the rustle of an angel's wings, with the light of heaven in their eyes and the touch of the unseen world in their gentle hands.

"And these four nuns? They were heroines, every one of them, albeit they went so quietly on their way, taking up with willing hands and of their own volition a work at which the heart of the strongest man might quail. It was the sunset hour; the last rays lit up with an aureole of splendor the big ships lying at their moorings, as the little group of nuns swiftly stepped over the plankway of the *Paul Tulane*, and again were heard in hushed whispers the words which sealed their fate: 'They were bound for leper land.'

The reporter of the *Picayune* approached them and asked the Superior:

"Is there no feeling of hesitancy, now that the critical moment has arrived and you must leave all those associations which time has made so dear, to take up your life among a sad, desolate and outcast people? Do you feel no fear?"

"Hesitancy?" she inquired, with an heroic challenge in her soft eyes. "Why should a Sister of Charity hesitate? Are we not pledged to a life of self-sacrifice and devotion to humanity? And associations? Dearer ties were broken long ago to follow the voice that called from within to higher things, and—" she faltered—"you spoke of the sad and desolate? An experience of twenty-two years in a charity hospital has brought me face to face with so much sorrow, so much suffering, that I think even in a leper land no deeper chords of human woe could be sounded. And fear—fear?" she smiled, "why should we fear? Is not God watching over the leper home, and will He not take care of His children—we and they—for they are our brothers—we are children of a common Father."

"They! there was a world of meaning in the word; it brought up the picture of the loathsome diseased beings whom the world has shunned, and whom, for fear of contagion, the law confines to a common isolated home. And thither these brave women were going—without a fear, without one tear of regret—and they lovingly called them 'brothers.' That word struck the keynote of the line of duty they had laid down for themselves.

"And so it was as the reporter went from Sister to Sister; every face wore a smile, every lip echoed a joyous note; one would have thought they were going to a pleasant reunion of home and friends, so happy did they seem."

Pointed Paragraphs

THE POOR SOULS

There is possibly nobody who does not at times feel sentiments of affection, uncertainty, desire to help, sympathy at the remembrance of dear ones who have gone through the portals of death.

We have laid a wreath on their coffin in token of our sorrow and loss; we have followed the body to the grave; we may take some care to keep this grave beautiful—if not out of love for those whose bodies sleep beneath, at least, out of respectability.

Beyond that is there nothing? Do we stretch out yearning but helpless hands toward them? No, there is more. We know:

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

Our thought of them need not be mere self-torture, awakening the wounds of bereavement; they can know them and take comfort. Our prayers to God need not be vain and empty sighs merely to relieve our feelings; they can bring soothing and comfort to those we love.

The perfume of the flowers cannot reach them and it dies; our prayers can bring them nearer to the vision of delight; and they do not die.

CHILDREN NOT PUBLIC

The Detroit *Free Press* recently brought the following editorial comment. It is worth reading, especially now, that our Catholic position is so often misrepresented and misunderstood.

"Here is the declaration on which the Michigan Association of Private and (Protestant) Parochial schools bases its fight against the proposed amendment to the state constitution obliging all children between the ages of seven and sixteen years to attend the public schools of Michigan until they have completed the work of the eighth grade.

"The school may be public, but the child is not. Every parent is entitled to freedom of action in deciding to what school he shall send his children."

"Such a statement ought to appeal to every parent.

"In bolshevistic Russia, children are 'nationalized.' Under the Hohenzollern rule Germany proceeded on the theory that the child was more or less the property of the state. But Germany has learned better of late, and the Imperialistic-Communitic theory of child control by the government is on the wane in all the civilized world. People everywhere are more and more accepting the American idea that the state is the servant of the people, not their overlord or paternalistic mentor; and that in consequence, parents have certain definite rights regarding the care and upbringing of their children.

"True, we have general compulsory education laws in the states; but, the purpose of those laws is simply to insure education, not to force education under some special auspices or according to some particular formula. The statutes are intended to be helpful and protective; they are not designed for the enslavement of children by the state.

"The public school system in Michigan is maintained so that the compulsory law will not be unreasonable or work a hardship. It exists in order to give parents an opportunity to secure for their children advantages they generally are anxious to procure; but, which it might be impossible for them to provide if private enterprise alone should offer facilities. The advocates of the proposed constitutional amendment would reverse all this. They would create compulsion for the benefit of the public school system, and in order to establish a state educational monopoly. They would establish a tyranny in place of an opportunity. Their program is reaction run wild."

THE DOLE

Dickens has painted for us in lurid colors, on many a page, the horrors of the seventeenth and early eighteenth century poorhouses in England.

Who has not burnt with indignation or who has not melted with sympathy at the picture of *Oliver Twist*, for instance, receiving his dole that did not satisfy but only increased the pangs of hunger?

But, the dole system is not out of date in one respect—in regard to the souls of the departed.

Our hands are full of gifts. It takes so little to bring them comfort and blessing. Do we dole it out to them?

FLOWERS THAT DO NOT DIE

Often the wreath laid upon the grave of the dead is an act of contrition. Every flower is the memory of a hasty inconsiderate act, of a kind word unspoken, of an unjust suspicion harbored.

At any rate, it is a kindness that soon dies. The withered petals fall from the stem and are swept away by the winds or gathered into the rubbish heap.

Let us scatter our flowers while they may fall upon living hearts and go to seed in love, affection, comfort, happiness.

Add to the act of contrition the purpose of amendment.

SEEN FROM THE OUTSIDE

William Winter, in the "Catholic Centenary," though himself a non-Catholic, makes the following remarks about the Church:

"To think of the Roman Catholic Church is to think of the oldest, the most venerable, and the most powerful religious institution existing among men. I am not a churchman of any kind; that, possibly, is my misfortune; but I am conscious of a profound obligation of gratitude to that wise, august, austere, yet tenderly human ecclesiastical power, which self-centered amid the vicissitudes of human affairs, and provident for men of learning, imagination, and sensibility throughout the world, has preserved the literature and art of all the centuries, has made architecture the living symbol of celestial aspiration, and, in poetry and music, has heard and has transmitted, the authentic voice of God.

"I say that I am not a churchman; but I would also say that the best hours of my life have been hours of meditation passed in the glorious cathedrals and among the sublime ecclesiastical ruins of England. I have worshipped in Canterbury and York; in Winchester and Salisbury, in Lincoln and Durham, in Ely and in Wells. I have stood in Tintern when the green grass and the white daisies were waving in the summer wind, and have looked upon those gray and russet walls and upon those lovely arched casements, among the most graceful ever devised by human art, round which the sheeted ivy droops, and through which the winds of heaven sing a perpetual requiem....

"With awe, with reverence, with many strange and wild thoughts, I have lingered and pondered in those haunted, holy places; but one remembrance was always present—the remembrance that it was the Roman Catholic Church that created those forms of beauty, and breathed into them the breath of a Divine life, and hallowed them forever; and, thus thinking, I have felt the unspeakable pathos of her long exile from the temples that her passionate devotion prompted and her loving labor reared."

YOU!

Note this significant paragraph published in some of our papers recently and culled from the *Catholic Citizen*:

"One vote decided the election of Governor Morton of Massachusetts in 1839, thus, defeating Edward Everett, the famous orator, statesman and scholar.

"One vote gave Texas to the United States.

"One vote made California a part of the Union, and thus turned the tide of immigration westward.

"One vote in the electoral college, in 1876, decided who should be President of the United States."

You have one vote! It might be *the* one vote.

THE HALL OF FAME

One of the bitterest sights, to a thinking person, is that of a young man or young woman who has allowed the grand ideals of youth to be shattered.

Is not this the evil of our day? Many find their ideals in the pages of some sloppy novel or in the fashion-plate. The room adorned with actors and actresses and athletes is eloquent. "Hitch your wagon to a star," said Emerson. In place of stars, they have set the blurred and blinding street lights.

The saints of heaven are ideal men and women—images of perfection in manhood and womanhood.

Put them before the child. Keep them before the youth and maiden. Look up to them often.

Our Lady's Page

Our Lady of Perpetual Help

AT MAN'S ENTRANCE INTO THE WORLD

Man enters this world weak, tender and speechless. An earthly mother gives life; but, not without sufferings and hardships on her part. Indeed, these sufferings are so great that the Prophets and even Jesus Christ Himself compare them to the greatest sufferings that can befall man here below. Many a mother, in her hour of delivery, feels as if her last hour were come—so much suffering falls to her lot. And yet, such is the determination of the Creator: "I will multiply thy sorrows—in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children!" (Gen. III-16.)

St. Gregory, speaking to mothers, tells them to prepare for that solemn hour. "As the darts," says he, "that are seen are less liable to strike and wound, so we bear more easily the sorrows of this life if we are prepared for them." (Hom. 35). A prudent person prepares for the possibilities of life. In bad weather he dresses accordingly; if there is a danger on the road, he takes all precautions to avoid the danger. He uses all natural means; nor is the supernatural forgotten. And the most frequently used supernatural means is to recommend himself and his undertakings to the Mother of Perpetual Help. So, too, the mother who is approaching the end of her days of expectation will incessantly call upon the ever-helping Mother of us all. And no sensible person will find fault with her for so doing.

Those grand characters of the Old Testament—the heroic mothers—knew well the benefits of preparing for the hour of their delivery. Take for example the mother of Samson. Her preparation was a constant prayer and penance. And she did not let up in the practice of these virtues till the Lord had blessed her with that illustrious son. Again. The mother of the pious Samuel—that first Anna! She was wont to journey to the temple in holy pilgrimages, beseeching the Lord to bless her. How fervently she prayed only God knew. And in her anxiety she even vowed to consecrate her child to the serv-

ice of God. Again. The saintly Elizabeth, the mother of St. John the Baptist, prepared for the birth of her child by much prayer and in the company of the very Mother of God; this same Mother whom we are wont to call upon and ask for her prayers. What splendid preparations for the coming days of motherhood!

Surely, a Christian mother ought not to stand back when she sees these heroines of the Old Law preparing so well. She, too, must be ready for the day on which she expects the fulfillment of her fondest hopes and the cessation of her sorrows. Bearing in mind that it is our good God who demands such sacrifices of her, her most ardent and assiduous prayer will be sent heavenward through the powerful intercession of the Mother of Perpetual Help. Mary, was not under the ban of Eve. But, she tasted the hardships of motherhood. And she knows only too well that every child of a Christian mother is the possessor of a soul redeemed by the Precious Blood of her own Son. She has, therefore, a tender and heart-felt compassion for the mother-to-be, and surely will not forsake her in this great need. As in all needs, it is in this above all that she will show herself a Mother of Perpetual Help.

An example for all Christian mothers is furnished by St. Blanche, Queen of France, and mother of the saintly King Louis IX. When she realized that the days of her motherhood were fast approaching, she went to St. Dominic and asked him the best means of preparation for the coming event of her life. The one saint counseled the other saint to recommend both herself and her child to the ever-helping Mother of God. She did so. Her prayer, night and day, was the Rosary. And, behold, the reward of her trust in the help of Mary—St. Louis, that splendid model of every manly and Catholic virtue!

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

"In grateful acknowledgment to our dear Mother of Perpetual Help for the many favors you have granted me within the past. And as I promised I would have them published in your honor. I now tell them. Recovery after two serious operations; return of my sister who had strayed away from home; sale of property; steady work for my brother; and many others. I have promised \$25.00 towards your new shrine and three High Masses to be said in honor of the Sacred Heart and the Dear Mother of Perpetual Help."

Catholic Events

On Sept. 30, the feast of the Little Flower, five sisters of Charity whose motherhouse is at Convent Station, N. J., sailed from San Francisco for their new mission in Hunan, China. More than six weeks will pass before they reach their destination. These five had to be selected from 230 sisters who freely offered themselves for the work. A short time before six Maryknoll Sisters had already sailed forth, to pass through the Shanghai war-zone, to make their mission home at Kowinon, China.

* * *

Premier Herriot of France, on coming to power, proposed to carry out three measures that look like a menace to French Catholics: the strict application of the laws against religious congregations, the extension of the "lay-laws" to Alsace-Lorraine, and the suppression of the embassy at the Vatican. The expulsion of religious has already begun. The Poor Clares of Alencon have been forced to leave their convent. This rude expulsion awakened storms of protest from all over the country. Nevertheless, the Poor Clares of Evian have also been warned that they must expect orders to leave. Thus France is repaying the work of the religious orders during the war!

* * *

In Alsace-Lorraine both Catholics and Protestants are united in their protest against the projected injustices of the French government. Aroused by the expulsion of the Poor Clares of Alencon and the threatened expulsion of those of Evian, a committee has been formed in Alsace for the purpose of offering a home to all religious who may in future be expelled by the government. The Bishop of Annecy, who has jurisdiction over Evian, declared that if the government orders the nuns to leave, they will refuse to obey.

* * *

Father Schwertner concludes his description of the Holy Name Convention in Washington, with these words: "The convention closed with a scene which stands unique in the annals of America. The three army officials with whom I spoke put down the list of marchers at the very lowest at 106,000. All three of them freely admitted that in their minds there were well over 110,000 marchers. And there were equally as many lined up on either side of the street during the five hours it took the procession to pass a given spot. I call it a procession advisedly, for it had none of the earmarks of a parade, even a religious parade. There was no display of color, except in the uniforms of the New York and Philadelphia policemen and firemen and the more than one hundred bands. There were no banners save those of the Holy Name Society and the Stars and Stripes. There was no cheering on the part of the participants. The marchers did not smoke or converse.

Like Crusaders they came sweeping down the Avenue, column after column out of the fog and drizzle. The line seemed interminable. * * * The procession was impressive by reason of its numbers. It was more impressive by reason of the orderliness and the enthusiasm of the marchers. It was most impressive by reason of the spirit of faith which had almost become something tangible."

* * *

Under the caption "An Ennobling Spectacle," the *Washington Post* commented editorially on the procession: "The gathering of thousands of busy Americans in the National Capital, for the sole purpose of testifying to the holiness of the name of their Redeemer, is a spectacle that encourages all well wishers of America. The cause of virtue such as this is the cause of citizenship itself. Patriotism and personal virtue go hand in hand. The citizen who honors the name of the Founder of Christianity is honoring this nation which is founded upon Him. The Constitution recognizes no religion but it guarantees religious freedom to all, and the books of the law contain many decisions declaring that this is a Christian nation."

* * *

Regarding Catholic schools: "Helen M. Ritz, a graduate of Nazareth Academy, Rochester, New York, last June, heads the list of University scholarship winners announced by the State Department of Education. She won her college entrance diploma with an average of 97.57. Nazareth Academy pupils won twelve out of twenty-five scholarships awarded in Monroe County, and three out of ten highest in the State.

* * *

The memorial monument, "Nuns of the Battlefield," erected by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, to commemorate the services of the Sister-nurses of the Civil War, was solemnly unveiled in Washington on Sept. 20. It was accepted on behalf of the United States Government by Col. C. O. Sherrill, Military Aide of the President and officer in charge of the Public Buildings and Grounds in the national capital. The memorial, standing on a triangular park in the center of Washington's fashionable residential district becomes a part of the park system of the District of Columbia.

* * *

Outstanding features of the annual conference of the Catholic Bishops of the country, held in Washington during the last week of September, included: the establishment of a board to unify American Catholic missionary endeavor; the adoption of resolutions denouncing the attitude of the government of Soviet Russia toward Christian communities, and protesting against the anti-religious activities of the Government of Guatemala; authorization of a new residence hall for ecclesiastical professors at the Catholic University; a discussion of means of promoting the spiritual welfare of Mexican Catholic immigrants to the United States; and the approval of reports and the election of members of the Administrative Committee of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. Sixty-three members of the Hierarchy attended.

The resolution of the Bishops regarding the persecution of Catholics by the government of Guatemala reads: "The Hierarchy of the Catholic Church in the United States of America observe with profound distress that the situation of the Church in Guatemala has grown worse in stead of better in the last twelve months, and that the enemies of Christianity, who have fastened a terroristic regime upon that unhappy country, not content with the expulsion of the hierarchy and a final and sweeping pillage of the Church, have now resorted to the ill-treatment and exile of nuns and the proscription of the crucifix; therefore be it unanimously

"Resolved, That formal expression of the sincere sympathy of the entire Catholic Church in the United States, as represented by the Hierarchy now assembled at Washington, with the Catholic clergy and people of Guatemala upon the prolonged anguish of their harrowing persecution, be conveyed to the Catholic clergy and laity of each of the other countries of this hemisphere, and brought to the attention of all rightminded people throughout the civilized world."

This resolution of the Bishops reveals the sad condition of our Catholic brethren in Guatemala.

* * *

The annual German Catholic Assembly held at Hanover this September was marked by a great procession in which more than 80,000 marchers participated. The report of Catholic Charities read, shows the following institutions maintained: 818 hospitals with 72,525 beds; 105 homes for the sick and mentally disabled with accommodations for 24,542; 292 refectories for children and adults, which also included 14,690 beds; 219 homes for girls with 3,461 beds; 992 homes for the aged with 21,645 beds; 782 reformatories with 60,626 beds; 37 homes for young people and apprentices with 1,987 beds, and 138 homes for students with 11,292 beds. The total shows more than 3,300 Catholic charitable institutions providing for more than 210,000 beds for the accommodation of the sick, disabled or impoverished. To care for and maintain these institutions there are 31,615 persons regularly employed besides 10,000 nuns. Certainly a remarkable record!

* * *

Today in all the vast territory of the former Russian Empire over which the Soviet Government hold sway, there is not a single Catholic Bishop in actual residence in his see. Because of increasing anti-religious activity and persecution by Soviet authorities, all Ordinaries of Russian dioceses have been compelled to seek safety across the frontier.

* * *

A thousand nuns belonging to the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary (London), volunteered to work among the lepers of the Far East, in response to an appeal sent out by the Mother General of the Order.

* * *

The consecration of Rt. Rev. Msgr. Francis Clement Kelly as Bishop of Oklahoma took place in Chicago on Oct. 3, while the Rt. Rev. Msgr. J. C. Plagens was consecrated titular bishop of Rhodopolis and auxiliary bishop of Detroit, in Detroit, on the same day.

—THE— Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wis.
Sign all Questions with name and address)

I was speaking with a Non-Catholic about religion and she claimed that the Church's doctrine with regard to hell was contrary to the teaching of the gospel. For, she said, the gospel certainly shows how much Almighty God loves men and the great love of the Saviour cannot be reconciled with the Church's idea of hell. How would you answer such an objection?

1. The doctrine of the Church about hell is the doctrine taught by our Saviour in the gospel. Your friend is looking at the gospel from one viewpoint only; it is true the gospel certainly shows the great love of God for mankind; but there is also another side to the picture; the gospel also clearly teaches us about the punishment of sin. Our Divine Saviour speaks of hell in the gospel no less than fifteen different times and always in the most emphatic terms. He has no hesitation in telling people that hell will be their everlasting portion, unless they do the Will of His Heavenly Father. He not only teaches us that there is a hell but He also tells us what kind of place it is; He speaks of it as a place of exterior darkness, where there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth, (Math. 8-12); where their worm dieth not and the fire is not extinguished (Mark 9-45).

2. The doctrine of hell does not do away with our idea of the Love of God. God loves the world but He also rules and governs it. Order is impossible in the world without laws. But experience proves that a mere declaration of a law is useless for the vast majority of mankind; in order to make laws effective, punishment must be inflicted upon those who transgress them. God is not only infinitely merciful but also infinitely just and our Lord has clearly shown us how this justice will be exercised upon the wicked. There is no doubt that the thought of the eternal consequences of sin is a great help in the time of temptation.

3. We can here on earth already see how in Nature the transgression of God's law works havoc and ruin. The fish in the water is in its natural element according to the laws of Nature, which are the laws of God, but take it out of the water and place it upon dry land, it will die because the law of its nature has been violated. The rose blooms in the sunlight, but transplant it in the woods where only the moss grows, it will wither and die, because the law of its nature has been violated. God's Will must be done: if the sinner persists in breaking the laws of God, the Justice of God demands punishment and the fact that God punishes sin is no argument against the Love of God.

4. People generally do not find any difficulty in reconciling justice with love in human authority. A judge does not cease to be good because he condemns the murderer to the death penalty; a father or mother of a family does not cease to be good because of the fact that they punish disobedience in their children; we do not look upon them as heartless even if they disown and cast off those children who prove themselves altogether hopeless and degenerate.

5. Thus we can reasonably reconcile the doctrine of the Church concerning hell with the Love of God for man and if any difficulties still remain, they are not arguments against a doctrine so clearly taught by our Divine Saviour; they prove that a finite mind cannot fathom the infinite counsels of Almighty God, as St. Paul says: "How incomprehensible are His judgments and how unsearchable His ways."

Why are masses that are said for the dead called "Requiem masses?"

Because the first word of the Introit (the prayer said at the book in the beginning of mass) is "Requiem." The priest says: "Requiem aeternam, dona eis, Domine." "Eternal rest, grant to them, O Lord."

Some Good Books

The Dearest Girl. By Marion Ames Taggart. Published by Benziger Brothers. Price, \$1.50 net.

Christmas will soon be upon us! Time to be looking about for good books—to brighten the Winter hours and as the ideal Christmas gifts to relatives and friends.

Just such a book is Miss Taggart's new *Juvenile*. It brings a story every girl will surely enjoy, for Pamela Harcourt is beyond doubt "The Dearest Girl" whom everyone delights to meet. And the trials and varying fortunes of the lovable "Pam" are told in so interesting a way that the reader must needs finish the story before laying the book away.

But has not the author made a little slip? On page 184, describing the reception of Holy Viatum by the dying little Peggy, she has Father Camody use the form for ordinary Communion instead of the special form for Holy vaticum: "Accipe, soror, Viatum corporis Domini nostri Jesu Christi qui te custodiat ab hoste maligno, et perducatur in vitam aeternam. Amen." (Receive, sister, the Viatum of the Body of Our Lord Jesus Christ who preserve thee from the wicked enemy and bring thee to eternal life. Amen.)

Jesus Teach Me To Pray. By Rev. Charles S. Hoff, C.Ss.R. Published by The Redemptorist Fathers, 1545 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

The fact that Father Hoff's Prayer Book for children has reached the twelfth edition bespeaks its excellence. We have not found a prayer book for the Little Ones that pleases us more. Hence we have no hesitation in recommending it to our readers, and can assure them that the heart of any child will be gladdened by such a gift.

The prices for the various bindings are: Leather, morocco and calf with red under gold edges—title stamped in gold letters on cover, seventy-five cents; in cloth, forty cents; in imitation leather, thirty cents; in paper cover, ten cents.

Little St. Alphonsus' Manual. Published by Redemptorist Fathers.

As the title suggests, this is a selection of prayers and devotions taken most from the works of St. Alphonsus de Liguori. It has proved to be one of the most popular prayerbooks in the English language. Its faithful use cannot fail to enkindle in the heart that spirit of faith and love and devotion that animated St. Alphonsus, the great Doctor of Prayer.

Bound in calf, smooth leather and morocco bindings with red under gold edges, price \$1.25. The same book in cloth with red edges, fifty cents.

'Tis time, too, to be thinking of Almanacs for 1925. With pleasure we call your attention to the *Catholic Home Annual*, published by Benziger Brothers; likewise to *Saint Anthony's Almanac*, published by the Franciscan Fathers, St. Bonaventure, N. Y. The net price of each is twenty-five cents, by mail twenty-nine cents.

Novena in Honor of Blessed Therese of the Child Jesus. By Caryl Coleman. Price, \$0.15.

Devotion to Blessed Therese — The Little Flower—has become very popular and with right. Those who love the Little Flower and have come under her influence will welcome this little book of devotions.

Ireland's Important and Heroic Part in America's Independence and Development. By Rev. Frank L. Reynolds. Published by John P. Daleiden Co., 1530 Sedgwick St., Chicago.

With a view of offering supplementary matter to History in the Schools, the Reverend Author, who is a member of the American Irish Historical Society and the Illinois Catholic Historical Society, has here given a very detailed account of the important and heroic part taken by Ireland at home and her people here in the great achievement of American independence, and likewise of the large contribution by the Irish race towards American civilization and industrial development.

Lucid Intervals

A little girl was caught pulling another little girl's hair, and the mother was anxious to overlook it. So she said:

"Don't you think, dear, it was naughty Satan that put it into your head to pull Elsie's hair?"

"It may have been," replied the little girl, "but kicking her shins was my own idea."

Chase: "My wife is an angel in three ways."

Race: "How remarkable! How's that?"

Chase: "Well, first, she is always up in the air; second, she is always harping; third, she never has an earthly thing to wear."

The tall, proud girl turned haughtily to the white-robed figure.

"Have you no heart?" she asked in a low tone.

"No," he growled.

"Well, give me 10 cents worth of liver."

"Do you do much reading these long winter evenings!" asked the interested old lady of her colored yardman.

"No, ma'am," was the reply, "des evenin's am plenty long enough as it is."

A newly-married man bought a rabbit and asked his wife to make a rabbit pie for his supper. He returned home in the evening expecting to find a good meal awaiting him, but instead he found his wife in tears. "Well!" he exclaimed, "what's the matter, dear?" "Your supper isn't ready," replied his wife, between sobs. "I've been all the afternoon trying to pull the hairs out of that rabbit."

"And how do you like our town?" said the continental landlord to his American visitor. "I hate it," was the reply. "It's as hot as the nether regions, and just as uncomfortable."

"Ah!" said the landlord admiringly. "Is there anywhere you Americans have not been?"

A druggist was aroused one night by the violent ringing of his front door bell. Looking out of the window, he saw a young girl in evening dress. "What's the matter, miss?" he asked. "Has anyone been taken ill?" "Oh, no!" came back in sweet tones; "but I'm dancing at the ball close by, and I've run out of rouge." "Indeed!" snorted the disgusted druggist. "I'm sorry, miss, but I never keep enough rouge in stock to cover a cheek like yours!"

"Is life worth living?"

Not if you have nothing better to occupy your mind than in asking such questions as that."

A glib oil stock salesman in the Southwest had just finished describing the glorious opportunities of his proposition to a prospect with the question, "What do you think of it?"

"I think," slowly drawled the previously bitten prospect, "that there is just one thing that saves you from being a bare faced liar."

"What is that?" asked the startled salesman.

"Your whiskers," was the reply.

"Look here, Moses," said the white foreman of a gang of colored laborers, "every time I come around you're loafing. How does it happen I never find you at work?"

"Ah'll tell you how come, boss," explained Moses aggrievedly. "It's 'cause dem rubber heels of yours don't make no noise a-tall."

Uncle Jack asked little Celia if she didn't want him to play with her.

"Oh, no," she said, "we're playing Indian, and you're no use, 'cause you're scalped already."

Rastus—"Why is it dat a black cow gibs white milk makes yellow buttah?"

Sambo—"Dat's easy; foh same reason dat blackberries am red when dey is green."

Redemptorist Scholarships

A scholarship is a fund the interest of which serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary student in perpetuity.

Those who have given any contribution, great or small, to the burses shall have a share in perpetuity in the daily Masses, the daily Holy Communions, and daily special prayers that shall be offered up by our professed Students for the founders and associate founders of Redemptorist Scholarships. It goes without saying that the donors are credited with their share of the works performed by these students after they have become priests.

Burse of St. Alphonsus (St. Alphonsus Parish, New Orleans, La.)	\$2,506.46
Burse of St. Mary (St. Mary's Parish, New Orleans, La.)...	2,055.27
Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help (St. Joseph's Parish, Denver, Colo.)	497.00
Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help of St. Alphonsus (Fresno, Calif.)	1,258.50
Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help (Kansas City, Mo.)..	2,007.00

* * *

Burse of St. Joseph (Married Ladies, Rock Church, St. Louis), \$1,604.69; Burse of St. Cajetan (Single Ladies of Rock Church), \$1,923.46; Burse of St. Joseph, \$642.00; Burse of St. Francis Assisi, \$1,007.50; Burse of the Little Flower, \$2,833.75; Burse of St. Thomas, Apostle, \$201.00; Burse of St. Jude, \$262.50; Burse of St. Rita, \$506.00; Burse of St. Anne, \$152.00; Burse of St. Gerard, \$527.00; Burse of the Sacred Heart, \$242.00; Burse of Holy Family, \$20.00; Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, \$422.00; Burse of St. Peter, \$225.00; Burse of the Poor Souls, \$1,250.00; Burse of St. Clement (Mr. Fred Henke), \$450.00.

Books

The Ideal Gift

IT MIGHT BE YOU

By Rev. P. Geiermann,
C.Ss.R.

Price, \$1.00.

FATHER TIM'S TALKS

By Rev. C. D. McEnniry, C.
Ss. R.

Vol. I. postpaid, \$1.10

Vol. II. postpaid, \$0.85

Vol. III. postpaid, \$1.60

Vol. IV. postpaid, \$1.10

BROKEN PATHS

By Grace Keon.

Price, \$1.50.

WHEN THE MOON BE- CAME A CHINAMAN

By M. McGovern.

Price, postpaid, \$1.90.

CHRIST OR CHAOS

By Martin Scott, S.J.

Price, postpaid, \$1.40.

ST. JEANNE D'ARC

By A. B. Ferguson.

Price, \$0.85.

FALSE GODS

By Will Scarlet.

Price, \$2.00.

MISSY

By Inez Specking.

Price, \$1.50.

KELLY

By Martin Scott, S.J.

Price, \$1.50.

DAN'S BEST ENEMY

By Robert E. Holland, S.J.

Price, \$1.25.

THE NEW MISSAL FOR EVERY DAY

By Father Lasance.

Price, \$2.75 and up.

ORDER AT ONCE FROM

THE LIGUORIAN

OCONOMOWOC

Box A

WISCONSIN